

Breaking Apart

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-31 11:59:45

Updated: 2014-07-31 11:59:45

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:17:21

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 960

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A drabble of Jack going through severe depression, anxiety and mental/emotional breakdown, every emotion and thought, Hiccup along his side easing it through.

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****Warnings:**** Depression, anxiety, severe depression, instability, mentioning of death, self hatred, munt talking through muse, munt venting through muse, dark theme. This is mainly a piece of Jack going through severe depression and an attack of anxiety and a break down.

>Words: 900+

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><p>It was a tightening of the chest, a vice around the lungs, the heart, the throat, making breathing impossible and painful and where every breath was a rasp for air. Trembling that wouldn't stop yet his mind never stopped running, screaming at him, lying to him and telling him the things that were obvious, things that weren't true mixed in, everything he didn't want to hear yet the self harming, self hating part of him needed to hear to remind himself how much he hated himself and how pathetic he is. Tears continued to streak down pale cheeks as he gasped for breath, fingers going from gripping and digging his nails into the soft flesh of his palms, hard enough to leave angry crescents then right to tight, claw like extended and trying to resist the need to rip at his hair, to scream, to rake at his skin with the short nails just to feel a pain beyond what was in his mind and chest.<p>

It wasn't that something had happened, that was something many didn't understand who knew Jack, who had seen these or tried to talk him from these sudden attacks of depression, anxiety, near panic. It was something Jack couldn't control and that terrified the living fucking hell out of him the most, that he didn't know the days that he would wake up already crying and screaming how pathetic he was in his own

mind, unable to get out of bed for hours, clinging to his cell phone as if the metal was a life line to the sanity he was trying to keep. The days where he could feel the dark reaches of depression lurking, threatening and taunting with how it would never hit but remind him how it was there, just waiting to hit and usually only to hit him hard the next day. But worse to Jack of the many types of days where the ones that started normal but as if hit with lightening, everything crumbled and he was a blubbering mess, unable to respond to a simple 'are you okay?!' 'whats wrong?!' without going into a panic and near physical pain.

Silences were just as bad though, and it ripped at Jacks mind that he couldn't handle when he was in these sets having people talk to him, he couldn't handle the anxiety it gave him, while at the same time, even a mere silence of just a few minutes sent him into paranoia and anxiety and he couldn't decide which was worse. With one of them he couldn't breath, he couldn't stop the streaming crying that he couldn't explain why the tears were welding up like they would but on the other hand with the silence, he assumed the worst, his mind making the words for him, ones of hatred and disgust at himself and aimed to him.

He knew it was a bother to most, he stopped trying to talk to people about it, stopped trying to find out if he was alone or not, if he was invisible with this, he stopped mentioning to the online friends from his gaming community and nerd groups that their skipping even a stupid comment he made struck panic and assuming thoughts of 'I fucked up again didn't I?!', he stopped mentioning when he was hurting because it was just a bother after the first time or two. He knew of course that he was being paranoia and stupid about it, but he couldn't stop those thoughts, he couldn't stop any of them from thinking how much everyone hated him and wanted him dead if he dared open his mouth and for a moment ruin their picture of the always happy, dorky, pun spewing dork they knew and preferred and revealed the extreme darkness that was his center so very often.

He was so terrified to lose them and losing anyone, to change the opinion people had of him. Yet at the same time, he hated being alone so much it hurt.

Hiccup was the best thing to happen to Jack. Sure, he didn't understand sometimes, he got frustrated he couldn't help Jack, but he could understand at least, would hold his boyfriend in their bed as he curled in on himself silencing crying and shaking, clinging to the front of Hiccups shirt and soaking the fabric. It hurt to know Hiccup couldn't fix this for Jack, but at the same time, he knew, this meant more to Jack then anything else, that at the end of the day when the depression was lifting, when he could breath, when he was left with the headache from crying, dehydrated, but knowing he was stable at least, that Hiccup never left him, listened to his screaming and words, his frustrations and pain.

Perhaps Hiccup wouldn't ever fully understand how severely broken Jacks mind was, how severe his depression, anxiety, his self hate, and the memories of his past that haunted and ripped him from the inside, but at least he wouldn't make Jack go through those days alone if Hiccup could do anything about it, he wouldn't make him go through any of it alone.

Because the darkness of the mind is darker and scarier then any

shadows a boogeyman could conjure up and it can kill faster then any
poison in a bottle held in shakey fingers.

End
file.